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Reynolds to Sir Walter Scott, contributed to the interest of his diversified publications. But his acquaintance with artists was yet more extended and influential for good. Benjamin West, Frederick Nash, J. Varley, J. Buckler, Thomas Girtin, and J. M. W. Turner, were early employed to supply him drawings; and these furnished occupation for all the best engravers of the time, several of whom first rose to eminence under his fostering care. Mr. Britton secured the most skillful draftsmen extant, and by the superiority of their graphic illustrations, his architectural works rapidly assumed the highest degree of success. He first introduced Samuel Prout to the public, and drew George Cattermole, when a very young man, from being an assistant in a rural school in Norfolk. William Alexander, Sir Jeffry Wyatville, John Sell Cotman, Joseph Gandy, Charles Wild, William Westall, Copley Fielding, J. A. Repton, Edward Blore, and Frederick Mackenzie, were all in his service, and many of them his pupils. The latter, perhaps the best architectural draftsmen that ever lived, was first made known to popular esteem in connection with Britton's "Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain." Henry and John Le Keux, the most famous engravers in their line of any land, were also first brought into general notice by the same work, and in the "Beauties of England." John H. Le Keux, the great living artist, who every way honors the genius and name he inherits, has likewise worked for the venerable friend of his father, and was summoned to his death-bed that he might be requested to supervise the posthumous disposal of his effects. Fortunately a large variety of choice originals, engraved in various illustrated works, came directly from Mr. Britton to the hands of the writer, and are now in this city. It is to be hoped that others may be brought to enrich the art treasures of our country, before the opportunity is lost.

ITALIAN COMMERCE IN PAINTINGS.—The *Giornale di Roma* of the 8th ult., states that the value of the paintings executed and exported by living artists at Rome, during 1856, amounts to 110,918 scudi, and the works of statuary to 27,116 scudi (the scudi is about one dollar). During the same year there have been exported old paintings to the amount of 11,448 scudi and old sculpture for 164 scudi.—*Evening Post.*

In regard to "old paintings" a truer statement would be made by substituting the word *boxen* for scudi. Although the Roman authorities pretend to keep an account of the export of old paintings, yet a dollar given to a custom-house official will secure the passage of any box containing such trash, with no more examination on his part than a mere glance at the backs of the canvases, to assure himself there is no government property being smuggled out of the country. The officer's return of value to his superior no doubt corresponds with the real value of the goods looked at, as represented in the fee received by him.

THE PROGRESS OF PHOTOGRAPHY is well illustrated in the following extract from a private letter, dated in London :

"Since your last visit to London I have added a few sketches of old houses and churches to my portfolio, as I seldom go out of town without bringing home some remembrance of that kind of the places I visit. I am, however, getting rather ashamed of them. Photography is so much more accurate, and in many cases even more artistic than any hand operations, that it takes "the shine" out of my best efforts in that line. Some of the French operators have succeeded lately in taking beautiful *interior* views of their cathedrals, which, in a photograph, have a very fine effect; I have seen only a very few of them. Have they yet been sent over to your side?"

First we hear of nature, and the imitation thereof; then we suppose a beautiful nature. We must choose—but still the best. But how to recognize it?—according to what standard shall we choose?—and where is the standard then?—is not it also in nature?—*Goethe.*

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1857.

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J. DURAND,
Editor and Proprietor.

Wholesale Agents, for the lower part of the city, Messrs. DEXTER & BROTHER, No. 14 Ann Street, of whom the Numbers of THE CRAYON can at all times be procured.—See page three of the Cover.

Sketchings.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

FROM Boston we learn that William Page has recently sent home several new pictures, all, we believe, for citizens of Boston. The principal one, a "Venus," is spoken very highly of by those who have seen it in Italy; but it is not yet placed on exhibition. Some, who may be esteemed good judges, consider it the finest piece of flesh color of modern times. It will probably not be exhibited previous to the opening of the Athenaeum in the coming spring. The other pictures are a "Ceres," a "Visitation," and a "Mother and Child."

Miss HOSMER'S "Puck" still remains on exhibition at Cotton's, and is really an exquisite work, simple, and *naïve*, and natural.

MR. WYLD has also sent home some striking and charming pictures, mostly studies of Italian models, simply, but full of color and light, and thoughtfully studied throughout.

MR. HEINE has on exhibition in his studio two landscape views of scenes in Central America. One is a view in the neighborhood of Lake Nicaragua, and the other of a scene upon the Pacific ocean, near the point where the projected ship-canal across the isthmus will terminate—if it should ever be constructed. Besides these paintings, Mr. Heine's sketches of Japan life and scenery are of special interest. Our readers are aware that Mr. Heine was the artist of the Japan expedition, a fact which could not reach the mind through the miserable abstractions of illustrations which the government have allowed to go forth in its publication of the narrative of that expedition. The drawings and engravings for this work were carefully made, but most horribly printed. We heartily wish that a competent person could be appointed to superintend the art-publications of the government, not only to secure justice to the artist, and prevent public disgrace abroad, but to guard against the enormous frauds that are perpetrated by its agents under the mask of printers' contracts. The wisest act of the government in its relations to the Art-world is to be seen in the appointment of Captain Meiggs to superintend the erection of the Capitol-extension, a gentleman of good judgment, and evidently possessed with a desire to foster the interests of American Art. Capt. Meiggs has saved more money, and given the country more art, since his labors began, than is to be found in the value or quantity of all the country's Art possessions put together, since the Declaration of Independence. How such a man gravitated to the duty which he has performed so ably is to us a marvel. We mention the instance to show that similar departments require similar officials, and none more

than that of government engraving and printing; and it is to be hoped that the example afforded by Capt. Meigs's charge will yet produce corresponding results whenever government undertakes to deal with Art. After seeing proofs of the engravings from Mr. Heine's drawings, and comparing them with the government printing of the same engravings, we deem it but justice to the artist to expose his treatment by government, as well as to direct public opinion to such specific acts of government ignorance.

THE New York Gallery of the Fine Arts is likely to find a resting-place in the building now being erected for the Historical Society.

MR. E. W. NICHOLS exhibits in his studio, Trinity Building, a series of sketches from Nature, made in the region about Burlington, Vermont, embracing views of Lake Champlain, etc.; also several sketches of scenery in the vicinity of the Green Mountains. Among the latter is a study of the Mansfield Mountain, this object being one of the few mountains in the country which has a physiognomy marked enough to make it conspicuous among its fellows. Several studies in which many peculiar aspects of the sky are effectively treated, also deserve mention.

MR. LANG has in progress two pictures, which he calls Souvenirs of Summer. One represents a large collection of children romping about the door of a mansion, and the other a group of young ladies distributed about under trees overlooking a lake. The fair belles are engaged in reading and other amusements pertinent to summer leisure, combined with the inspiration of fresh air and fine scenery.

The following communication tells its own story:—

I suppose, Mr. CRAYON, your artistic curiosity has led you through Broadway picture markets, where Candane paintings flaunt in the windows to seduce the vulgar and disgust the cultivated. Hoping to discover some unrecognized gem, I ventured into one of these questionable marts a few days since, first, however, ascertaining that there was a back exit, so that I might sneak out with an untarnished reputation. Observing what appeared to be one of the early prints of Turner, hanging high on the wall, I asked the proprietor of the shop who it was by. He mounted on a ladder, and looking at the right hand of the engraving, said that it was *signed* "Ward." I told him that was the name of the engraver, and that the painter's name always occupied the left-hand corner. He answered somewhat indignant that he had sold several hundred thousand dollars worth of pictures, and never heard of that before. After giving him some other rare information, which, when he saw my unassuming manner, he took more kindly, such, for instance, as the fact that the aforesaid Turner was a great landscape artist, he came down from the tradesman's speculative reserve, and talked quite freely and innocently of his business. The profits of his enterprise, as is the case in many other callings, is made from the ignorance of mankind. While we were talking, a spruce, well-dressed, rich-looking man, asked the price of a huge landscape, which I, an artist, should value at less than the cost of its raw colors and naked canvas, but for which my new friend startled me by demanding, in a grand tone, two hundred dollars. The buyer looked at it in doubtful admiration for a moment, and walking away, quietly said, "It is a good picture, and cheap." "I am always just so stupid," said the dealer; "I have lost that sale for want of courage. I should have said three hundred dollars at least: he is a Southerner." I asked if he ever sold to Southerners. "Oh, yes; almost altogether. We can make but little out of the Yankees and New Yorkers; but the Southerner will give any price for any

picture whose subject he fancies. He hardly ever cares for anything but the subject. We have a class of poor German artists; who are instructed to paint our subjects in bright colors, very green greens and very red reds, you know. To secure this end, we import our own chromes and vermillions, and we pay our artists according to their ability to use these beautiful tints to the greatest advantage. The painter has always before him, whilst painting, daubed at random on the wall, large masses of the brightest colors. They complain that this is not good art, and they dislike to do it; but their eyes soon become educated, and you see some of the results on these walls. But we cannot get enough of this kind of pictures to supply the market. The poor devil who paints them gets it into their heads that they can make original pictures; and they quit our service after all the trouble we've had in teaching them. They are ungrateful fellows. We think their pictures good, though we have this opinion questioned every day, by those queerest of all people—other artists—who stroll in and love to leave a blessing behind. I get," he continued, "uncertain prices. Pictures by the same artists, duplicates it may be, vary from fifty to two hundred dollars. Our plan is to sell them at once. We take great pains to suit our price to our man, and we rarely fail to estimate rightly."

Such, Mr. CRAYON, is in part the business of these art markets. I wish you would continue to expose them and other base practices in the Fine Arts.

The *Evening Post* publishes the following extract from a private letter, dated Rome, Dec. 28:—

"We have been much interested for the last few days in visiting the studios of our American artists here; and first let me say a word of Miss Hosmer. We found that Mr. Gibson was out, but asked permission to see his works, which request (as in all studios here) was politely granted. In passing through a court, a figure in marble caught my eye, through an open door, and we all marched in. It was a full length recumbent figure—'Beatrice di Cenci asleep in prison.' It is a lovely thing. As we stood dreaming over it, a young lady (almost thirty I should say) crossed the court and came towards us. She wore a light brown dress, rather short, with a sort of man's jockey-coat with two pockets in front, into which her two hands were thrust, and from them a sculptor's chisel and brush protruded. Her hair curling and short on her neck, with a round, high cap on her head, of black velvet, and a tassel drooping over the side. She had a merry eye, a rosy cheek, and a round full face, but a most decided mouth, really rigid. She returned our bows with a very sudden nod, and asked us if we had seen Gibson's painted Venus. I told her, in return, that I thought this far more beautiful. 'I think it is,' said I, 'the subject is so fresh; it seems to me that Mr. Gibson is fortunate in the selection.' 'It isn't Mr. Gibson's, I did it,' curtly replied the lady, thrusting her hands deeper into her pockets, and cocking her head on one side. 'Indeed,' said we in some surprise, 'Yes, I did it last winter; I wonder no one has taken this subject before.' But I cannot convey her manner of speaking, or rather her tone. It was quick, decided, and short as possible, much like a railroad train over a short bridge. We said a few commonplaces and took our leave, but I am going again, if we have time, to see the Beatrice, but quite as much to see its author and talk with her again."

THE Boston *Transcript* says that Mr. M. Wight, of that city, has painted a large portrait of Mr. Dowse, for the Historical Society, also one of Mr. C. Sumner, for a committee of citizens. His portrait of the principal author of the reciprocity treaty is likewise completed, and that of Professor Agassiz. Mr. Wight has now upon the easel likenesses of Dr. Bell, for the McLean Hospital, and of several other persons, and will soon be ready with his designs for the likenesses of two of the most distinguished citizens of New England.

THE SCULPTOR CRAWFORD.—A private letter, dated Rome, January 15th, represents the health of Mr. Crawford as worse rather than improved. He had left Rome for Paris, attended by a brother artist, Mr.

Terry, but at a medical consultation held prior to his departure fears were entertained of his reaching Paris alive. A letter received from Mr. Terry, with a postscript by Mr. Crawford, showed that he had borne the journey by diligence to Civita Vecchia (forty miles) better than was anticipated, and that the most uncomfortable symptoms had subsided. At a consultation of seven physicians, held before his departure, the expediency of an operation was discussed. The majority doubted that it could be performed with safety to Mr. Crawford's life. The difficulty is a tumor over the eye, in proximity with the brain, which organ suffers greatly from sympathy with the local inflammation.—*New York Commercial*.

[Since the publication of the foregoing, letters have been received from both Mr. Crawford and Mr. Terry, dated at Paris. Mr. Crawford reached that city in a comfortable condition, which fact we deem a favorable one for different anticipations, than those above stated. His friends here regard the latest accounts received as by no means discouraging.]

The Home Journal thus describes four works by Mr. Mozier, the sculptor, now in Rome.

"The four subjects are of very varied conception. One (and the one we think artistically the best) is "A Boy mending a Pen." It is expressive of the quiet thoughtfulness with which a school-boy does this, with his 'line of copy' in his memory while he prepares to write it. Another very lovely figure is an embodiment of this verse of Bryant's:—

"An Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, slain in battle, slept;
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
Came down o'er the eyes that wept,
And wildly in her woodland tongue
This sad and simple lay she sung."

Another charmingly conceived figure represents a young girl with a "meloëdon" in her hand, trying an experiment on the sensibilities of her greyhound—the dog at her side raising his head to howl at his disapprobation of some of the notes. This is humorously called "Vocal and Instrumental." A fourth work is a group of the "Prodigal Son returning to his Father"—representing the two in the embrace of forgiveness."

We almost stop the press, in order to give place to the following:

THE DONATION OF GEORGE PEABODY.—We find in the Baltimore papers the letter in which Mr. Peabody announces his gift of three hundred thousand dollars to the city of Baltimore for the establishment of an institute for the "moral and intellectual culture of the inhabitants of Baltimore, and collaterally of those of the State, and also the enlargement and diffusion of a taste for the Fine Arts;"—the donation to be hereafter increased to five hundred thousand dollars. The letter would occupy nearly one of our own columns, and goes extensively into detail in respect to the scheme and organization of the institution. The donor brings into his design—*first*, an extensive library, to be well furnished in every department of knowledge and to be free for the use of all persons who desire to consult it, but the books not to be taken out of the library except in very special cases—it general plan and regulations resembling the Astor Library of our own city—*second*, the periodical delivery of lectures by the most capable and accomplished scholars and men of science who can be procured; and, in connection with this, yearly prizes to the graduates of the High schools—*third*, an Academy of Music affording all facilities necessary to the best exhibitions of the Art, the means of studying its principles, and practising its compositions, and periodical concerts, sided by the best talent and most eminent skill—*fourthly*, a Gallery of Art to be supplied, to such an extent as may be practicable, with the works of the best masters, and the admission to which to be free—and, *fifthly*, ample and convenient accommodations for the Maryland Historical Society. It will be seen at once that an institution founded upon such a basis, must prove an inestimable blessing to such

a city as Baltimore, especially if conducted in conformity with the following impressive injunctions, with which the donor closes his letter:

"I must not omit to impress upon you a suggestion for the government of the Institute, which I deem to be of the highest moment, and which I desire shall be ever present to the view of the Board of Trustees. My earnest wish to promote, at all times, a spirit of harmony and good will in society, my aversion to intolerance, bigotry, and party rancor, and my enduring respect and love for the happy institution of our prosperous republic, impel me to express the wish that the Institute I have proposed to you shall always be strictly guarded against the possibility of being made a theatre for the dissemination or discussion of sectarian theology or party politics; that it shall never minister, in any manner whatever, to political discussion, to infidelity, to visionary theories of a pretended philosophy which may be aimed at the subversion of the approved morals of society; that it shall never lend its aid or influence to the propagation of opinions tending to create or encourage sectional jealousies in our happy country, or which may lead to the alienation of the people of one State or section of the Union from those of another. But that it shall be so conducted, throughout its whole career, as to teach political and religious charity, toleration and beneficence, and prove itself to be, in all contingencies and conditions, the true friend of our inestimable Union, of the salutary institutions of free government, and of liberty regulated by law. I enjoin these precepts upon the Board of Trustees and their successors forever, for their invariable observance and enforcement in the administration of the duties I have confided to them."

George Peabody has, in this donation, built for himself a monument which will endure as long as civilization finds a home upon this Western Continent. His name will go down from generation to generation, enshrined in this institution, and associated with all that is noblest in mercantile character. We cannot well imagine a grander achievement than the calling into being a new agency like this, for the improvement of society. If measured by their permanent influence upon the progress of the race, the exploits of conquerors are insignificant in comparison.—*Courier and Enquirer*.

Mr. Editor:

In the last issue of THE CRAYON, under the heading "Art Masters in St. Louis," Mr. Bogle is mentioned as the painter of a fine portrait of Col. Bentor. Your correspondent, without doubt, intended Mr. F. Boyle. Will you have the kindness to make the correction.

A MISTAKE.—THE CRAYON copies a notice of Miss Hosmer's statues, recently on exhibition in Boston, and credits it to the *Traveller*. The article originally appeared in the *Courier* of Dec. 31, 1856.

GLEANINGS AND ITEMS.

COPLEY, THE AMERICAN PAINTER, LORD LYNDHURST'S FATHER.—Soon after my arrival in England, said Warren, in his "Men and Times of the Revolution," having won at the insurance office one hundred guineas, on the event of Lord Howe's relieving Gibraltar, and dining the same day with Copley, the distinguished painter, who was a Bostonian by birth, I determined to devote the sum to a splendid portrait of myself. The painting was finished in a most admirable style, except the background, which Copley and myself designed to represent a ship, bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgment of independence with a sun just rising upon the stripes of the union, streaming from her gaff. All was complete save the flag, which Copley did not esteem prudent to hoist under present circumstances, as his gallery was a constant resort of the royal family and the nobility. I dined with the artist on the glorious 5th of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the King, formally receiving and recognizing the United States of America into the rank of nations. Previous to dining, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there, with a bold hand, a master touch, and I believe an American heart, attached to the ship the stars and stripes. This was, I imagine, the first American flag hoisted in Old England.—*Boston Gazette*.

A NEW PLASTIC.—M. Sorel has submitted to the French Academy a new chemical process, discovered by him, for forming a mastick or cement of great solidity, and which may be run into moulds, like plaster. This article is a basic of oxy-chloride of zinc, and is formed by moistening oxide of iron with the liquid chloride of zinc, iron, manganese, nickel or cobalt. It is as hard as marble, and is unaffected by cold, moisture, or even boiling water. The highest and most varied colors

may be given to the article, rendering it suitable for tables and mosaic pavement of great hardness and beauty. M. Fontenelle, the sculptor, has employed it successfully for this purpose.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

TEACHING THE EYE.—The great majority of mankind do not and cannot see one fraction of what they were intended to see. The proverb that "None are so blind as those that will not see," is as true of physical as of moral vision. By neglect and carelessness we have made ourselves unable to discern hundreds of things which are before us to be seen. Thomas Carlyle has summed this up in one pregnant sentence: "The eye sees what it brings the power to see." How true is this! The sailor on the look-out can see a ship where the landsman sees nothing; the Esquimaux can distinguish a white fox amidst the white snow; the American backwoodsman will fire a rifle ball so as to strike a nut out of the mouth of a squirrel without hurting it; the Red Indian boys hold their hands up as marks to each other, certain that the unerring arrow will be shot between the spread out fingers; the astronomer can see a star in the sky, while to others the blue expanse is unbroken; the shepherd can distinguish the face of every sheep in his flock; the mosaic workers can detect distinctions of color where others see none; and multitudes of additional examples might be given of what education does for the eye.—*The Five Gates of Knowledge.*

WASHINGTON'S ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Everybody has noticed the marked difference between the "Stuart" and the "Trumbull" portraits. The latter is by far the most spirited and martial-looking face, yet for some reason or other it has never been the popular favorite. The peculiarity of the Stuart picture, is the *unde, unexpressive, grandmotherly mouth*, which one sees to this day in all the engravings. But this face was not Washington's, but was an exaggeration, or distortion rather, produced by his artificial teeth, which entirely changed the expression of his countenance, giving it a certain look of *maternal benignity* that is not found in the Trumbull likeness, painted before the dentist had earned his "five hundred dollars," by a job which, though very well in those days, would now be reckoned a bungling piece of workmanship. These facts, though I have not seen them in any biography of Washington, are as well authenticated as his patriotism, or consummate generalship. Trumbull and Stuart were accustomed to talk of the matter together, and in the correspondence of the latter there is an allusion to the artificial teeth and the striking change they made in the appearance of the wearer. It may be owing to the fact that the American people like to contemplate the gentler qualities of Washington, rather than his stern and heroic virtues, that they have always considered the dentist's portrait as the true one, though, in truth, it is as false as the teeth which distort it. The fault was not Stuart's, who painted his illustrious sitter as he found him; but he had the misfortune to attempt the hero's likeness "in spite of his teeth," and the result was such as might be expected.—*Boston Post.*

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, Dec. 26, 1856.

LAST week brought us an arrival of marbles from Nineveh, which came, as you noticed not long since, by the "Daniel Webster," from Beirut. They were packed in twenty-two boxes, each box containing part of a slab. The whole, when cemented together, so as to present their original form, will constitute six pieces, about four yards by eight. It was necessary to cut them for transportation; which was done on camels from Nineveh to Scanderoon, on the Mediterranean, six hundred miles. From thence they were shipped to Beirut, where, after laying about a year, they were again shipped to Boston. Each presents a full-length, large-as-life figure of a king, or other great man, carved in relief. The thickness of the slab is two inches, and the average elevation of the relief three-eighths of an inch. I have called them marbles, but they are in reality nothing but gypsum. Yet the workmanship, when you examine a finger, an eye, or an ornament, as a bracelet, is not to be despised, and the whole appearance is quite impressive to other beholders than the antiquarian.

The place from whence these slabs were obtained is the mound "Nimroud," about twenty-three miles below Mosul on the Tigris, supposed to be within the ancient limits of Nineveh, that great city; which also is supposed to have been the royal palace, begun by Tiglath-pileser, and completed by Esar-haddon, those oppressors of Judah and Israel, more than seven hundred years before our era. There are hundreds of similar slabs lying there, disclosed by the labors of Mr. Layard and Col. Rawlinson, which anybody may have for the bringing away; which, however, is somewhat expensive. These were obtained by Professor Hubbard, through the agency of Dr. Austin H. Wright, missionary of the American Board to the Nestorians, by application to Col. Rawlinson himself, who politely gave consent and every facility for packing. How many there are not yet dug up remains for future explorations to show, but probably enough to supply all the curious. One is justly amazed, in reading Layard, at the lavish quantity of sculpture in these ruins. But so much of it being in steatite, the softer material, accounts in a measure for it.—*Correspondence of the Traveller.*

AMERICAN SOCIETY.—If we were asked to define what was the most prominent defect of American society, we would answer pretension. It seems to pervade all classes, and sadly interferes with the happiness of our domestic life. People in the United States do but too often fail to accommodate their mode of living to their circumstances. Instead of their houses, dress, manners, conversation, growing naturally out of their position, all is assumed and imitated. As is apt to be the case in other matters, the assumption is transparent, and the imitation bad. It is an easy matter for a man who has a well filled purse to give an order to an upholsterer, and to have his house, with a front of twenty feet, as fine as velvet carpets, damask chairs, silk curtains, mirrors, gilding and paint can make it. It is a very different thing to conceal from the observant eye of a cultivated person, that the occupant of the small, crowded, gaudy rooms, is without just taste or true refinement; and that all his expenditure is but for vulgar display. A single good picture, the well-thumbed book of some standard writer, a musical instrument that bears unmistakable marks of use, a workbox, an embroidery frame, a handful of well arranged flowers, would speak more to the mind and heart than all this upholstery. So in dress. It is notorious that Americans, and especially American ladies, very much overdress. Costly fabrics, silks and laces, every day sweep Chestnut street or Broadway, that are only fit for the carriage, and out of a park or public drive are never seen abroad. A French lady always dresses in good taste; but for the street she dresses plainly. Few London matrons would walk abroad in the costume which a New York lady thinks the only one fit to appear in. Why is this? Is the American woman less modest or discreet? No; but she imitates without discriminating. She is a model wife, daughter, mother, because here she follows the instincts of her nature, the promptings of her own loving heart. But her dress is not her own; it comes from the other side of the Atlantic. An English duchess or a French countess has worn just such a one. To be sure, it was in a carriage; and the same duchess, when she took a walk, wore thick shoes, gaiters, and a gown of plain stuff. But the fair American does not know this, or does not regard it; and so she persists in treading dainty steps with thin soled shoes over wintry pavements, and perseveringly sweeps the crossings with her lustrous silk stockings. What a departure from good taste! How far from the true standard of all things—fitness.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

RESTORING OIL PAINTINGS.—One of the chief drawbacks to the employment of white lead in artistic painting, consists in the facility with which it becomes blackened by the sulphureted hydrogen, and hydrosulphuret of ammonia, both so prevalent in the atmosphere of towns. A very elegant way of instantaneously restoring these discolored parts to their original whiteness has been suggested by M. Thenard, the discoverer of peroxide of hydrogen, otherwise called oxygenated water. It is a prominent quality of this liquid to impart oxygen—and hence if applied to a coating of black sulphuret of lead, the latter immediately acquires oxygen, and is changed into the white sulphate, thus restoring the original tint. Unfortunately, however, this peroxide of hydrogen is so difficult of manufacture, and so expensive, that its use for the purpose in question is almost impossible. A much easier plan, but founded on the same principle, has been suggested by M. Schonbein, who, in the course of his studies on ozone, discovered that oil of turpentine, if exposed in an open glass vessel to the atmosphere in the sun's rays, and agitated from time to time during the space of two or three months, acquired such oxidizing properties, that it was capable of acting on sulphuret of lead, so as to change it almost instantaneously into the white sulphate, thus rendering it of much value to artists and picture-dealers.—*Boston Post.*

HELIOPLASTIC engraving is the name given to a process of engraving photographs, invented by M. Poitevin. It rests upon the property which gelatine has when dried, impregnated with a chromate or bichromate, and subjected to the action of light, by which it loses its property of swelling in water, while gelatine similarly prepared, and not impregnated, swells nearly six times its volume. A layer of solution of gelatine of more or less thickness, is laid on a plane surface, such as glass, is allowed to dry and then placed in a solution of bichromate, whose base has no direct action on the gelatine. It is again dried, and then influenced through a photographic negative or positive, in the focus of a camera. After the impression is received, and which will vary with the intensity of the light, the layer is put into water; then all parts which have not received the influence of the light, swell and form reliefs, while those that were affected by the light absorb no water, and remain as depressions. This surface is then transposed upon metal plates, either by moulding in plates or by the electrolytic process.—*Exchange.*

MUNIFICENT GIFT.—It is reported that the Hon. Francis C. Gray has bequeathed his large and munificent collection of engravings to the Boston Athenaeum. Mr. Gray has been for many years collecting the engravings, and has expended, it is thought, upwards of \$25,000—*for the purpose.*—*Boston Transcript, December 31.*

COLOR-BLINDNESS.—The Royal Society of London has taken up the subject of Color-Blindness, and is now giving considerable attention to the question. Dr. George Wilson, Professor in the University of Edinburgh, has published his researches upon the subject. Color-Blindness has been studied now for two centuries or more, but it is only since John Dalton discovered infirmity in his own person, and was consequently induced to investigate the subject, and from whom it is sometimes called Daltonism, that it was made the subject of scientific inquiry. It is very common, especially among men, to be unable to distinguish the secondary and tertiary combinations of colors, but it is not generally known that the proportion of those who cannot even recognize the primary colors, is very great, even one in fifty. Red and green seem to be the primary colors most readily confounded by such persons. Many are unable to detect any difference in color between the red apples upon a tree, and its green leaves, or to distinguish the strawberries from the vines upon which they grow. And yet these are the very colors which have been chosen for signal lights for railroads and steamboats, and in a late number of the *Household Words*, the importance of selecting men, free from this infirmity, to take charge of such signals, is pointed out. Some English companies, becoming acquainted with the extent of color-blindness, have instituted a rigid inquiry into the condition of the optical powers of their agents, and subjected their candidates for the office of signal men, engineers, etc., to a regular examination in this respect. Total color-blindness is very rare; but an instance is known of a painter who depended upon others to mix his colors, who, upon one occasion, having no one to aid him, was found painting a house blue, thinking it was stone-color. He knew white and black only.

BIGOTRY.—She has no head, and cannot think—no heart, and cannot feel; when she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruin! Her prayers are curses; her god is a demon; her communion is death; her vengeance is eternity; her decalogue is written in the blood of saints; and if she stops a moment in her flight, it is upon a kindred rock to whet her vulture fang for keener rapine, and replume her wings for a more sanguinary desolation.—*Anon.*

A New York inventor proposes a new mode of constructing walls, which is substantially a revival of the old Babylonian method. The plan consists in making brick walls, by cementing the brick together with asphaltum, bitumen, and hydraulic cement. The bricks are first covered with the bitumen, which, in its nature, is plastic, fusible, and unites with great tenacity to calcareous earths. The bricks are then laid for the construction of the wall, being cemented together with the asphaltum and hydraulic cement. After the wall is thus far completed, its surface is then covered over with melted asphaltum, when it forms a substantial wall.—*Exchange.*

The "Lines on a Picture," on our last number, were suggested by a picture painted by Mr. George Freeman.

Studies among the Leaves.

SONGS OF SUMMER.*—We do not see the application of this title, for there are lines to "November," etc., among their number. Moreover, there is a tone of despondency throughout, more in accordance with a wintry sentiment. Perhaps they refer to the summer of life, for it is in this life-season that the songs proclaim their author to be. The collection sets forth the writer's personality. We read the poet in his book, his joys and his disheartenings. We see when and how the current of his existence has been rifted. We feel that a great sorrow fell upon him; how a new life succeeded, and then such allusions as this point to realized joys:

"Many's the time I've sighed for summer,
Many's the summer I've known;

But to-day I cling to the flying spring,
And fear to have it flown.
Not that May is gay,
For the sky is cold and grey,
And a shadow creeps on the day.
But the laden summer will give me,
What it never gave before;
Or take from me what a thousand
Summers can give no more!"

Then again he alludes to the child, so "like a poet's book":

"A rare conception, richly planned,
Harmonious, perfect in its parts;
Going straight home to all men's hearts,
An easy thing to understand."

Then he speaks of himself:

"Some dreamy rhymes have dropped from me,
Some sad hath sorrow wrung;
But nothing great, and now, alas!
I am no longer young."

Then again, and he assumes such a tone as this: "And mine the Paradise of books, the heaven of classic lore. The dreams of sage philosophers, the songs of bards of yore. I brood upon their pages and *peru my own sweet books*, Nor pine for what is over, for woman's loving looks! Sometimes a tone of music, an old familiar strain Reminds me of my feelings, recalls my former pain. But I rarely heed its sorrow, I know its syren charms; Nor need I listen to it, for in my listening brain,

Is many a richer strain,
Lays to bury Youth to, or rouse the world in arms,
So armed with calm endurance I frame my glowing lays,
Embalming in forgetfulness the burden of my days!
Then come the long and dreary nights, the hours of classic ease;
What honey-throated Plato says, and what Maenoides;
The songs I sing, the books I pen, the thought I undergo,
That sweet laborious idleness that poets only know!"

He claims companionship with Nature:

"My life with Nature now is blest;
She is a portion of my blood;
I am her passive instrument,
The creature of her every mood,
A part and parcel of her forms,
Of her calms and of her storms.
To her my soul unfolds as violets do,
When April winds are low and April skies are blue."

Then apostrophizing her:

"For ever unto thee we run,
And give ourselves away;
Like melting mists that seek the sun,
Like night that seeks the day."

We recognize an artist by his handling as much as by his subjects. The *touch* of a poet no where manifests itself more than in his happy turns of expression—his metaphors. * Actual similarity is not so effective in such things as a hint, which suggests comparison, and leaves scope to the mind. Thus speaking of a musician he says:

"Run your hands across the strings,
Like the wind through vernal rains."